

gaged to a girl that has the Delaware peach crop killed in the

gaged to a girl that has the Delaware peach crop killed in the blossom. She's a parlor maid in a house where I deliver goods. She won't be working there much longer, though. Say, don't forget to give your friend my grandfather's best regards. You'll excuse me now; my wagon's outside with a lot of green stuff that's got to be delivered. See you again, sir."

At eleven Thomas delivered some bunches of parsley and lettuce at the Spraggins mansion. Thomas was only twenty-two; so, as he came back, he took out the handful of five-hundred-dollar bills and waved them carelessly. Annette took a pair of eyes as big as creamed onions to the cook.

"I told you he was a count," she said, after relating the incident. "He never would carry on with me."

"But you say he showed money," said the cook.

"Hundreds of thousands," said Annette. "Carried around loose in his pockets. And he never

would look at me."

"It was paid to me today," Thomas was explaining to Celina outside. "It came from my grandfather's estate. Say, Celie, what's the use of me being here? I'm going to quit the job tonight. I can't be wed married next week?"

"Tommy," said Celie, "I'm no parlor maid. I've been fooling you. I'm Miss Spraggins—(Celie sprang.) The parlor maid. Say, I'll be worth forty million dollars some day."

Thomas pulled his cap down straight on his head for the first time since we have known him. "I suppose then," he said, he, you'll not be marrying me next week. But you can whistle."

"No," said Celie, "I'll not be marrying you next week. My father would never let me marry a clerk. But I'll marry you tonight, Tommy, if you say so."

Old Jacob Spraggins came home at 9:20 p. m., in his motor car. The make of it you will have noticed. "How lovely! I am giving you unsubsidized attention; had it been a street car I could have told you its voltage and the number of flat wheels it had. Jacob called for his daughter and brought a ruby necklace for her, and wanted to tell her what a kind, thoughtful

dear old dad he was.

There was a brief search in the home for her, and then came Annette's turn. She was the purest flame of truth and loyalty ever mixed with envy and histrionics.

"Oh, sir," said she, wondering if she should kneel, "Miss Celia's just this minute running away with my dear old dad. You could stop her, sir. They went in a cab."

"What young man?" roared old Jacob.

"A millionaire, if you please, sir—a rich nobleman in disguise. He carries his money with him, and the red peppers and the onions was only to blind us, sir. He never did seem to take to me."

Jacob rushed, and tried to catch his car. The chauffeur had been delayed in trying to light a cigarette in the wind.

"Here, Gaston, or Mike, or whoever you are, yourself, scoot around the corner quicker than a blazes and see if you can see a cab. If you do, run it down."

There was a cab in sight a block away. Gaston, or Mike, or whoever he was, caught the wind on his cigarette, picked up the trail, neatly crowded the cab to the curb and pocketed it.

"What tell you don't?" yelled the man.

"Pa!" shrieked Celia.

"Grandfather's remorseful friend's agent," said Thomas. "Wonder what's on his conscience now."

"A thousand thunders!" said Gannon, or Mike. "I have no other malice."

"Young man," said old Jacob severely, "how about that parlor maid you were engaged to?"

A couple of years afterward old Jacob went into the office of his private secretary.

"The Amalgamated Missionary Society solicits a contribution of \$30,000 toward the conversion of the Koreans," said the secretary.

"Pass it up," said Jacob.

"The University of Plumville writes that its yearly endowment fund of \$50,000 that you bestowed upon it is past due."

"That it is being cut out."

"The Scientific Society of Clam Cove, Long Island, asks for \$10,000 to buy alcohol to preserve specimens."

"Waste basket."

"The Society for Providing Healthful Recreation for Working Girls wants \$20,000 from you to lay out a golf course."

"Tell 'em to see an under-taker."

"But 'em all out!" went on Jacob.

"I've quit being a good thing. I need every dollar I can scrape or save. I want you to

write to the directors of every company that I'm interested in and recommend that they cut down on salaries. And say I've noticed half a cake of soap lying in a corner of the hall as I came in. I want you to speak to the scrub-woman about waste. I've got no money—three dollars a week—yet—we've got vinegar pretty well in hand, haven't we?"

"The Globe Spice & Seasoning Company," said the secretary, "controls the market at present."

"We've got vinegar two cents a gallon. Notify all our branches."

Suddenly Jacob Stratton's plump red face relaxed into a pulpy grin. He walked over to the secretary's desk and showed him a small red mark on his thick forehead.

"Bit it," he said, "damned if they didn't, and he ain't had the toothache three weeks—Jacky McLeod, my little kid, he'll be worth a couple hundred millions by the time he's twenty-one if I can pile up for him."

As he was leaving, old Jacob turned at the door, and said: "Gettin' ready to give a raise of three cents instead of two. I'll be back in an hour and sign the letters."

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The true history of the California Harmful Alkali lands related that toward the end of his reign he

wearied of philanthropy, and caused to be beheaded all his former favorites and companions of his "Arabian Nights" rambles. Happy are we in these days of enlightenment, when the only death warrant the caliphs can serve on us is in the form of a tradesman's bill.

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There was a cab in sight a block away. Gaston, or Mike, with his eyes half shut and his mind on his cigarette, picked up the trail, neatly crowded the cab to the curb and pocketed it.

"What 't'ell you doin'?" yelled the cabman.

"Grandfather's remorseful friend's agent," said Thomas. "Wonder what's on his conscience now."

"A thousand thunders!" said Gaston. "Mike, I have no other match."

"Young man," said old Jacob severely, "how about that parlor maid you were engaged to?"

A couple of years afterward old Jacob went into the office of his private secretary.

"The Amalgamated Missionary Society," said the secretary, "has contributed \$30,000 toward the conversion of the Koreans," said the secretary.

"Pass 'em up," said Jacob.

"The University of Knoxville writes that its yearly endowment fund of \$50,000 that you bestowed upon it is past due."

"Tell 'em it's been cut out."

"The University of California, at Long Island, asks for \$100,000 to buy alcohol to preserve specimens."

"Waste basket."

"The Y. M. C. A. Society, for Providing Healthful Recreation for Working Girls wants \$20,000 from you to lay out a golf course."

"Tell 'em to see an under-taker."

"Cut 'em all out," went on Ja-

rob. "I've quit being a good cop. I need every dollar I can scrape or save. I want you to take care of the dirty work for me. I want you to be the company that I'm interested in and recommend a 10 per cent cut in salaries. And say—I noticed half a cake of soap lying in a corner of the hall as I came in. I want you to get rid of it. I don't want you to let a woman know a woman about waste. I've got no money to throw away. And say—we've got vinegar pretty well in hand, haven't we?"

"The Globe Spice & Seasoning Company," said the secretary, "controls the market at present."

"Raise vinegar two cents a gallon. Notify all our branches."

Then Jacob J. Applebaum's plump red face relaxed into a pulpy grin. He walked over to the secretary's desk and showed a small red mark on his thick forefinger.

"That," he said, "darned if he didn't, and he ain't had the tooth three weeks—Jaky McLeod, my Celia's kid. He'll be worth a hundred millions by the time he's twenty-one if I can pile it up for him."

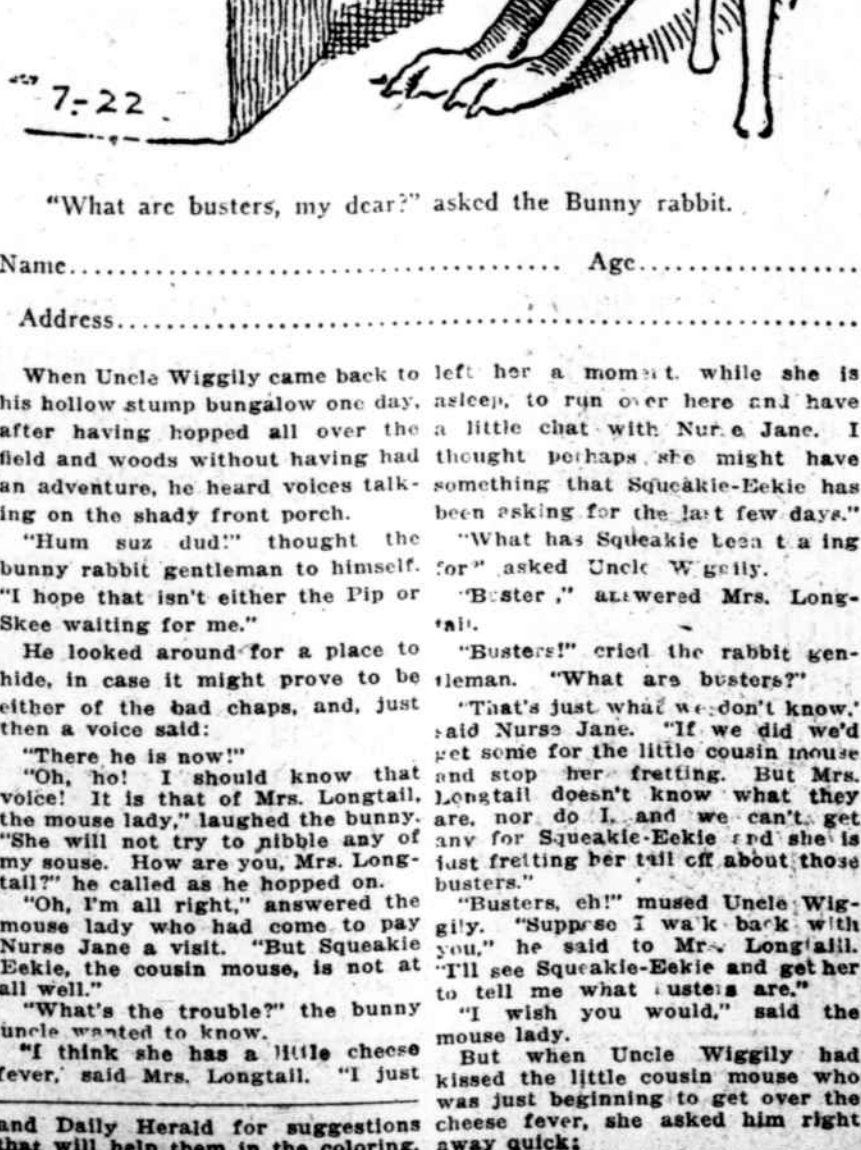
As he was leaving, old Jacob turned at the door, and said:

"Better make that vinegar raises three cents instead of two. I'll be here in an hour and sign the letters."

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The true history of the Caliphs Harmon Al Karchid relates that tonight he entered the reign by wearing a crown of philanthropy and caused to be beheaded all his former favorites and companions of his "Arabian Nights" rambles. Happy are we in these days of enlightenment when the only death warrant the caliphs can serve on us is in the form of a tradesman's bill.

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There was a cab in sight a block away. Gaston, or Mike, with his eyes half shut and his mind on his cigarette, picked up the trail, nearly tripped the cab to the curb and pocketed it.

"What tell you doin'?" yelled the cabman.

"Shrieked Celia."

"Grandfather's remorseful friend's agent!" said Thomas. "Wonder what's on his conscience now."

"A thousand thunders!" said Gaston.

"Mike. I have no other match."

"Young man," said old Jacob severely, "how about that parrot maid you were engaged to?"

A couple of years afterward old Jacob went into the office of his private secretary.

"The Amalgamated Missionary Society," said the contribution of \$30,000 toward the conversion of the Koreans," said the secretary.

"Pass 'em up," said Jacob.

"The University of Plumville writes that this year's endowment fund of \$50,000 that you bestowed upon it is past due."

"Tell 'em it's been cut out."

"The Scientific Society of 'Clam County,' Col. Ingham, has \$10,000 to buy alcohol to preserve specimens."

"Waste basket."

"The Society for Providing a Healthful Recreation for Working Girls wants \$20,000 from you to lay out a golf course."

"Tell 'em to see an undertaker."

"Cut 'em all out," went on Jacob. "I've quit being a good thing. I need every dollar I can scrape or save. I want you to tell the directors of every company that I've ever worked for and recommend a 10 per cent cut in salaries. And say—I noticed half a cake of soap lying in a corner of the hall as I came in. I want you to go to the scrub-woman about waste. I've got no money to throw away. And say—we've got vinegar pretty well used up in the kitchen."

"The Globe Spice & Seasons Company," said the secretary, "controls the market at present."

"Raise vinegar two cents a gallon. I'll sell all I can buy."

Suddenly Jacob Spraggins' plump red face relaxed into a pulpy grin. He walked over to the secretary's desk and showed a small red mark on his thick forehead.

"Bit it," he said, "darned if he didn't, and he ain't had the toothache three weeks—Jacky McLeod, my nephew, bit it. He's worth a hundred millions by the time he's twenty-one if I can pile it up for him."

As he was leaving, old Jacob tapped the door and said:

"Better make that vinegar raise three cents instead of two. I'll be back in an hour and sign the letters."

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The true history of the Calliphs Harmon Al Ranchard relates that toward the end of his reign he wearied of philanthropy, and called to him his faithful and former favorites and companions of his "Arabian Nights" rambles. Happy are we in these days of enlightenment, when even our despots want to be caliphs and serve us in the form of a tradesman's bill.

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